

Portsmouth TRAGEDY:

In FOUR PARTS.

PART I. How a Captain of the Guards fell in Love, and courted a beautiful Lady at Portsmouth, and after he had got her with Child, left her, and went to the Isle Wight.

PART II. How the young Lady wrote a Letter to him, but receiving an ungrateful answer; fell into Despair, and crav'd the Devil's Assistance to revenge herself on the Captain. How he appeared to her, but she being with Child, he had no Power to touch her, therefore flew away in a Flash of Fire, attended with dismal Shrieks and Howlings.

PART III. How her Parents sent for two Divines to recover her from Desperation, but to no Purpose; and though her Parents attended her Night and Day, yet she found Means to stab herself with a Pen-knife.

PART IV. How she appeared to the Captain with a Pen-knife in her Breast; and in a Voyage he was making to Vigo she haunted the Ship causing great Storms to arise, and terribly frightening the whole Ship's crew, till at last she dragged him into the Sea, and was no more seen.

Licensed and enter'd according to Order.



T H E
PORTSMOUTH Tragedy.



P A R T I.

GOOD People all, I pray you attend,
 And listen to what I have penn'd;
 The Truth of this is known full well,
 As Thousands in that Place can tell.

In Portsmouth Town, as we do hear,
 There liv'd a charming Lady fair;
 Her Folly prov'd her overthrow,
 And ruin'd Soul and Body too.

A Captain of the Guards, we hear,
 Hard by her Father's quarter'd were;
 He courted her to be his Wife,
 And she did love him as her Life.

They oftentimes would sport and play,
 At length her Honour he did betray;
 As soon as e'er she prov'd with Child,
 He seem'd pleas'd and on her smil'd,

Saying, Dearest be not discontent,
 We'll married be so don't lament,
 If ever I prove false to thee,
 Let Heaven's Veengeance fall on me.

Oh!

Oh! may I never prosper here,
 If I do wrong my dearest Dear:
 Let Furies take me in a Flame,
 If I my Jewel do disdain.

But in a little Time the Man,
 Indeed was call'd from Home again:
 The Captain he must leave his Dear,
 Which made her shed many a Tear.

He promised for her to send,
 The which he never did intend:
 Oh! perjur'd Man, she thus did say,
 I'll surely be reveng'd on thee.



P A R T II.

AT Length she did a letter send,
 These Words, indeed, were in it Penn'd
 Sweet Love, if I could come to thee,
 Pray, would you be a Friend to me.

Straightway he sent an Answer thus,
 Unto my Friendship do not trust;
 'Tis best to stay where now you be,
 You'll little comfort have of me.

Soon as the Letter she receiv'd,
 You may be sure her Heart was griev'd;
 And f to study Day and Night
 To be reveng'd such was her Spite.

Bnt

But this young Captain, her delight,
Of late, into the Isle of Wight,
And all his Men did march away,
Leaving his love at Home to stay.

As soon as she the same did hear,
She smote her Breast, and tore her Hair;
Begging the Devil to appear,
For to direct her, as we hear.

And to torment this perjur'd Man,
The furious Fiend that's ready when
So e'er he find us in Despair,
Our precious Souls for to ensnare.

One Night he unto her did come,
As she was sitting all along,
As like a Man he did appear,
Saying, Woman, come, be of good Chear.

Come pick my Arm, one Drop give me
Of my dear Blood thou soon shalt see,
I'll bring thy Love to thee again.
At this she did rejoice amain.

She prick'd her tender Arm severe,
One Drop of Blood would not appear,
Here take this Instrument, said she,
He answer'd her, That must not be,

Until that you deliver'd are,
I cannot touch one single Hair
From off your Head, if that would do,
In frightful Shape away he flew



P A R T III.

THE People all were much amaz'd,
Such dreadful Shrieks and Howls he made,
As if 'twould rent the House in twain;
Her tender Parents heard the same.

And straightway up the Stairs they run,
And found their Daughter all alone,
With Countenance as pale as Lead,
Her aged Mother to her said,

My Child, what is the Matter pray?
She nothing unto her did say,
For two Divines her Parents dear
Straightway did send when they came there.

To pray with her they did proceed,
Still nothing un o them she said,
Nor all the Means they would invent,
Could make her harden'd Heart relent.

When they three Days with her had been,
To speak to them she did begin,
And sighing unto them did say,
'Tis all in vain for me to pray.

My Soul is gone, it's gone and lost,
And Death that pale and deadly Ghost
Does tell me here I must not stay;
So cease good Gentlemen to pray.

Christ

Christ dy'd for Sinners we do know,
To save us from the Gulph of Wo,
Call on his Name and soon you'll find,
That Saten's Words are but Wind.

But all the Words that they could use,
And Council good, she did refuse,
Finding no Good for to be done,
Her wicked Course she must run on.

Her parents watch'd her Night and Day,
Still she this Tragedy did play;
For with a Penknife keen and sharp,
She pierc'd herself unto the Heart.

Likewise she ript her Belly too,
She having got a Month to go:
The little infant then alive,
Was found in dismal Sort likewise.

Her Body it was borne away,
For her distressed Soul let's pray
Altho' that we do fear, that she
Is lost to all Eternity.

Good Christian People do but think,
What Grief her Parents underwent,
To have a Child so void of Grace,
So let us all deplore their Case,

And now we'll leave them for to mourn,
Then the young Captain we'll return,
Who little of this Thing does know,
But is with Dreams tormented so.

P A R T

P A R T IV.

HE Night nor Day no Rest can take,
 All Company he does forsake,
 And very melancholy grew:
 At length appeared unto his View,

His Love in such a frightful Trim,
 That made him tremble every Limb,
 A Penknife sticking in her Heart,
 Saying, False Man, you have caus'd my Smart.

For all your cruel Perjury,
 Your Soul along with me must die,
 Where curst internal Friends do dwell;
 And straight upon his Knees he fell.

And straightway unto Prayers he went,
 The dismal Ghost with Discontent,
 With dreadful Groans it vanished,
 Leaving the Captain almost dead:

For Vigo they were bound, we hear,
 Some of the Soldiers I declare,
 At Noon did see the ghastly Sight,
 Which put them into such a Fright.

They knew not what to do or say,
 But to the Captain went straightway,
 And told the Thing they had seen,
 And wonder'd what the same did mean.

Some-

Sometime she should so perfectly come,
 The Ship was like to overturn
 At last one of the Sailors he,
 Resolved was to speak to she.

The next Time she came again,
 For to have perish'd on the Main,
 They all expected for to go,
 So violent the Storm it grew.

They all at fervent Prayers were,
 At length the Sailor, I declare,
 Did speak to her and this did say,
 What ails thy troubled Spirit, pray.

The Truth she quickly then did tell,
 Saying, Him I'll have, then all is well;
 Then with a Visage fierce and grim,
 She straight approached unto him.

He would have run to shun his Fate:
 She cry'd, False Man, it is too late,
 She clasp'd him in her Arms straightway,
 But no Man knew his dying Day.

In a Flash of Fire they did see,
 She dragg'd him down into the Sea,
 The Storms they soon abated were,
 Then all returned Thanks by Prayer.

Unto the Lord that sav'd their Lives,
 And deliver'd them from their Surprize;
 Let this a Warning be to all,
 That reads the same, both great and small.